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CANADIAN POEMS.

Respectfully Dedicated to W. S. GRIFFIN, Wesleyan Methodist
Minister, Port Hope.

BY J. T. BREEZE.

NIAGARA FALLS.

No proud Olympus lifts her head on high
To greet the glories of a Canadian sky:
No high Dodona lifts her rugged brow
To shade the valleys or the dales below;
No heavenly music from their thrones above
Baptize us here with their celestial love:
No Grecian god can touch my breast of fire,
And from its depths celestial thoughts inspire;
No hallowed mount like Sinai's wrapt in flame,
Where once the footsteps of th' eternal came;
No sacred groves where the Messiah's face
Broke in th' effulgence of eternal grace;
No Ætna's burst or toss eternal fire
To bring rich music from the poet's lyre;
No Snowdon mount doth rise in dreadful pride
Thousands of feet above the swelling tide;
No Himalays where the tow'ring wing
A airiel birds in restless music sing.
But Nature's God left not his power unknown
Amid the glories that fall from his throne;
But spread for us these inland seas and lakes,
Where th' poets songs in ecstasy doth break,
To charm the peasant whose uplifted blow
Is raised to lay these mighty forests low!

O, throne sublime! centre of majesty,
Earth's Throne of Glory feel abashed and hide
Their feigned brightness from thy transcendant shrine.
Seat of all wonders, where bewild'ring thought
Aw'd by thy splendours worships thee alone.
Talk we of glories 'side the thrones of earth,
Their bubbles break before thy matchless shrine;
Nor dare approach thine awful majesty.
Bewildering mind here prostrate laid so low
In ashes asks that power divine that rolls along
Thy dreadful waves by gravitation's law,
Down to this gulf unsufferably low.

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To guide its thought, to see that fount of power
 From whence doth spring this emblem of its depth,
 That I may read this attribute of thine,
 And know thee better ere I turn away.
 And knowing love that heart that loves belind,
 Such power divine hid in th' eternal throne;
 Deep calls on deep, an emblem pure
 Of sorrows grand that Israel's poet knew.
 O! could his harp be here, or lent by heaven
 With that inspiring power that touched its string
 Of yore, when the young shepherd gazing stood
 On Bethlehem's plains in ecstasies divine,
 And nature bowed to aid his native muse,
 To sing seraphic of the power of God.
 Thy glories laugh upon the petty powers
 Of man's exploits in art and science pure;
 And when his tongue of eloquence hath shed
 The fullness all of its proud mental power,
 Talks he of deeds in arching bridges grand,
 Or stopping lightnings in their lurid flight,
 Or marching armies to the field of fight,
 Or counting stars that roll along the sky,
 High tow'ring far beyond the milky way,
 Where worlds on worlds in grandeur meet.
 Still thou dost smile and pour contempt upon
 The varied glories of his genius bright;
 Thy song sublime chanting the power of God
 Exceeds the music that his lips can raise,
 By night or day its notes profound ne'er hush,
 Though nature sleeps profound in sweet repose.
 Thy songs paternal hush the birds of heaven
 That wearied play by day upon thy breast,
 Wak'st them to song right early in the morn.
 No human power can roll thy thunders back,
 Nor bid thy music silence its proud song.
 Thy glories wild carry the mental powers
 To that high throne of light where angel's wings
 Hide them as that bright vale hid Moses from his eye,
 When burning radiant on proud Sinai's brow,
 That Israel shuddered at th' effulgent glow.
 Next to that throne where shines divinity
 In all the splendour of the Godhead's light,
 Where Emerald white and amber fills the bow
 That circles round the seat of God in heaven.
 Yea, God hath caused the rainbow's ring
 To span thy glorious brow to make one throne
 On earth like to his own in worlds of heavenly light,
 And those sweet birds that bask upon thy breast
 Are like to angels who assume to sing
 And bask in glories of the light of God,
 Daring to come as far as nature can
 To the dread majesty around the throne.

It has its falls of cascades wild and grand
 On either side: one on the right falls down
 In waves of Love, and fills that land with bliss.
 Of yore it reached the gates of Eden,
 When its Prince had fallen low in ruin,
 Then it did reach his ruined nature lost,
 And brought it up to bathe upon its face.
 In contrast wide with that majestic stream
 Falls on the left another quite as great,
 Cascades of truth, of justice and of wrath,
 No mercy mixed to temperate its woe.
 Then down through worlds innumerable great
 It falls on pavements of the world of sin,
 Dark'ning Gehena as its torrents come.
 Those falls sublime surpass thy grandest scenes,
 For round that throne of majesty in heaven
 The heavenly music from angelic throngs,
 Like noise of waters many and sublime
 Constantly fall upon the Eternal ear,
 Deep'ning the glory of the wondrous scene.
 O, it is bliss to feel on earth sublime conceptions
 Of celestial scenes. Thy scenes ineffable
 Do aid my powers to throb emotions
 Like those deep buried in the angelic breast.
 I lease call it genius or some kindred name,
 'Tis heaven on earth to feel it waves within,
 Rolling as mountains on tempestuous seas,
 And calming down as eve is still
 When golden stars peep through the depths of heaven,
 And nature lulled as some fond wearied child.
 Say when did heaven by his Almighty power
 Uplift thy layers 'bove the distant plain,
 And from his hand unseen order to flow
 In rapid march thy stream majestic grand
 In freedom wild o'er thy transcendent brow,
 Frighting creation as its billows fall.
 Wert thou a part of that tremendous work
 Of the six days' creation's noblest monument,
 When God laid down "beams of his chambers
 In the waters" deep
 When the proud sea, shut up with doors dare not
 Break forth beyond the bounds of God's command.
 When issuing from the womb here nothing of
 Where he had made the cloud a garment,
 And darkness, too, a swaddling band for it.
 Yea, when he said hither too thou'lt come,
 But further none here thy proud wave be stay'd.
 O! was it then he bid thee flow, and never cease
 Until that rock did crumble 'neath thy feet?
 When the morning stars sang loud together
 And God's first sons shouted in heaven for joy
 Didst thou then hear their songs of music deep?

Or was thy birth the offspring of upheavings
 Of the troubled breast of traving earth
 When God's great curse did rest upon her brow
 And hid her deep from 'fore the blushing sun
 In troubled waters raising in a flood
 That washed transgressors from her surface e'er
 Say, when did God by his almighty power
 Uplift thy layers 'bove the distant plain
 And from his hand almighty, order to flow
 In rapid march this stream, majestic, grand
 In freedom wild, o'er thy transcendant brow,
 Frighting creation as its billow falls.
 O! were they here when beams were laid
 In chambers of waters by the word divine.
 Far in the ages of the distant past,
 Thy glories were secreted here amid
 These forest scenes, breaking its awful quietude,
 Where nature's children wandered ever free,
 Unconscious, rev'ling on thy sacred ground;
 The tiger, bear, and perhaps the bison's roar
 Got often angry and their loudest note
 Were raised to curse thy cruelty and wrong,
 They plunged thy wave above the horrid deep
 To cross to partners on the distant shore.
 The stronger thou didst bear them on in guile,
 And plunge them low deep in thy fatal grave.
 Time's wheels roll'd on, and still thy voice divine
 Through every age doth loud proclaim God's power
 'Fore man's faint eye gazed on thy rugged brow,
 The won'dring angels trav'ling in the sky
 Stop'd in their flight to gaze upon the scene
 And own'd in heaven thy awful majesty.
 Wearied they stopped to bathe upon thy breast
 As they were wont to round the throne divine,
 Nor did high heaven enquire the reason why
 They stop'd so long around the shores of earth.
 Gabriel's reply was heard, his reason strong
 Was well received in heaven, as he displayed
 With eloquence sublime, the varied wonder
 Of these wondrous falls, that do display
 God's power and glory 'mong the sons of men,
 O! arm divine, why doth thy wonders stand
 Display'd on earth in such wild majesty?
 Is it to teach the poet's mental powers
 That God alone is infinite in might?
 Thy voice can bid these troubled waters roll
 Backward again in raptures full as great,
 Or let them play high in the balmy air
 In all the grandeur of their downward course.
 Jordan of yore was driven back, obey'd
 Thy high command, and the Red Sea again
 Hush'd its proud war, and stood a lofty wall,

Paved 'neath their feet in azure hue when God
 Took Israel's sons from bondage, to be free
 And give them Canaan as a promised land.
 Seas, rocks, and suns, and waning moons obeyed
 Thy mandates high so these proud falls would hush
 Their thund'ring voice at thy divine command,
 To serve a purpose in the church of God
 Devotees, come from every distant shore,
 Like pilgrims wan'dring to some sacred shrine.
 To hear orations from thy voice sublime,
 Thy mighty cascades fall in grandeur down,
 Groaning profoundly on the th' affrighted ear,
 Rev'rence becomes the poet's humble song,
 And awe-struck trembles at the lessons taught.
 Proud man can feel his bitterness of power,
 Owning the majesty of God in thee,
 And pours devotion to a higher throne.
 Nature around in majesty arrayed
 Doth call the world to do her homage here,
 Her sister sun, whose falls of heat and light
 Come trembling down as every beauteous day,
 Doth kiss thy brow to own relation here.
 Her happy ray discloses scenes sublime,
 Unites to make thee charming to the eye,
 Forms rainbows grand as on some dewy day,
 The sun in glory on the spangled sky.
 In wondrous forms she plays upon thy breast,
 Worn as some ring with precious jewels decked
 Emblem of love and unity with thee
 Smiles on thy breast nor bears an angry frown,
 Like sinners pardoned for the throne of God
 Dare here approach thy dreadful majesty.
 Thou know'st no mercy, when man's daring feat
 Attempt to cross thee 'bove thy wondrous falls.
 A beauteous maid wandering amid thy scenes,
 Bent snowy arms once o'er the rugged side,
 Walking along like Pharaoh's daughter once
 In pride and beauty by the fruitful Nile
 She saw a flower casting its fragrance round;
 Her marbie wrist was stretched to pluck it forth
 To deck her breast of purity and love,
 The treach'rous mould gave way beneath her breast,
 The frightful chasm yawned wide to take her in.
 Down headlong fell the lovely form of beauty
 Some hundred feet, dashed by the frightful rock
 Thy troubled waters cool'd her breast of woo
 And hushed its terror in the sleep of death
 Nor as she fell down in the awful gulph
 Was there a charge given from on high to those
 Who wait their king's command around the throne
 Lest she should dash her foot against a stone.
 O! Providence, where now thy special care

The angels come pass by the golden stars
 Quicker than light that travels from the sun,
 Alas, too late, her breath is gone, and death :
 Is stamped upon those features fair, the soul
 Is free, the angels meet it, ask ! O ! why
 So long unite me now back to my mangled clay ?
 They plead excuse 'cause God gave no command
 To sooner come to rescue her from death,
 The soul bewildered by Niagara's roar
 Looks tenderly upon its former tenement
 Turns lovingly to say farewell, goes back to kiss
 The mangled brow that glides upon the deep,
 Then mounts the car of fire that was then brought
 By angels' wings right from the throne of God.
 They loiter long around Niagara's throne,
 Won'dring at beauty nestling 'round its feet
 And grandeur dazzles rounds its awful throne.
 O ! this is naught the angel cries aloud,
 Come see the throne prepared in heaven for thee
 And read the reason why thy mangled clay
 Lies graveless buried in that sullen wave.
 They soar aloft and pass creation's bounds
 Viewing its glories as they pass them by,
 The angels' great high-way to earth is strewn
 With wonder every part from earth to heaven,
 The pearly gates enclose them from my view,
 And hide her spirit 'neath the eternal throne.
 Like death's dark stream, no one hath crossed
 Back safe to earth that breast his sullen waves.
 When brothers war'd with brothers on the plain,
 The waves of anger high raging in their breast,
 When cannons roar'd, and swords were glittering bright,
 And armies marching to the field of blood,
 Then on thy breast was moving like a swan
 A vessel, watching for the foeman's spear :
 They met, then cannon roared their thunder ;
 One curse the other by the bid of man,
 Flame greets the flame upon the vessel's breast,
 Niagara's roar laugh at the paltry sound,
 Bids her draw nigh with all her wrath,
 To exchange her thunders with Niagara's roar ;
 Down tow'rs the brink the burning vessel went,
 Grieved at the threat, moves on to burn,
 And spend its wrath to dry Niagara's waves.
 Niagara calmly took her by the throat,
 And flung her headlong to the hell below,
 As God took Satan and his army vast,
 Who moved to pluck the sceptre from his hand,
 Nor gave her power to see from whence she fell.
 Columbia's sons, Oh, can ye love Niagara,
 For this sad deed, and yet ye come from far,
 Fond of display, to worship at her shrine.

A native Indian in his birch canoe,
 Attempted once to curb thy desperate will,
 But soon became a captive to thy power,
 And, crying loud on thee to stop thy course,
 And give him leave to paddle to the shore.
 Thine ears were deaf to all petitions loud
 That melted rocks beside thy stubborn side,
 Down 'neath thy wrath bearing its heavy weight
 Buried in shrouds made by thy graceful hand,
 He's hushed to silence, as though in the grave.
 When armies madden in their furious rage
 Beat loud the drum, the song of music high,
 For victory or death they fail compare
 With war of waters thun'dring at thy feet.
 The pens of bards, of orators, of might
 Have trembled often to describe thy scene.
 Thou mock'st them all who pride in eloquence
 Unheeding praise dost stand majestic,
 Grand, and unrivalled, shouting God hath power
 And trembling nations hear the sound divine.
 Roll on Niagara; roll thy billows on
 Through distant ages of the future dark,
 Till heaven doth bid the lofty angel come
 To stand one foot on land and one on sea,
 And turn his burning eye to the white throne
 To watch the high command, then swear
 By him that sits upon the lurid throne
 That time shall be no more.
 Till then roll on, when all thy sublime scenes,
 By God's fiat shall cause thy waves decline,
 Amid convulsions of th' affrighted earth,
 The war of elements, wreck of matter,
 And the crush of worlds.

THE SAUGHANASH SHORE.

A POEM ON THE SCENERY OF TRENTON.

BY J. T. BREEZE.

Source of the great ethereal fire,
 Whose rays illumine the eternal throne,
 In wearied soul to thee 'll retire
 To seek its light from thee alone,
 From thee whose touch doth kindle light
 That sparkles on the seraph's brow,
 Whose hallow'd radiance burns so bright,
 Eclipsing all earth's bliss below.
 O! touch the sickle twinkling flame
 That feeble burns within my breast,

Hallow my song through Jesus' name,
 Nor give my wearied lyre rest.
 String thou my harp, and bid my song
 In tones of melody to move,
 That hearing it, the enchanted young
 May read thy goodness and thy love,
 That listening ears may love the sound,
 And own their hearts by music bound.

Eternal Father, 'tis to thee
 I look for deep, inspiring power,
 Whose parent goodness fell on me
 Till now, from childhood's weakest hour.
 Who aid 'st my infant prayers to rise,
 And find their rest low at thy throne,
 That brought thy blessings from the skies
 In numbers to me all unknown.
 Now aid my humble lyre to string
 Its infant praises yet to thee,
 Until its happy strains may ring
 Around thy throne eternally.
 Wearied of earth, its dross, and sin,
 I turn my inward eye above,
 O! wrap my spirit now within
 The bosom of eternal love.
 Baptize my harp with unction pure,
 From the eternal fount of truth.
 That, while my songs on earth endure,
 They'll bloom on here in fadeless youth.
 Bedewed from skies in heaven above,
 And showers of thy boundless love.

If so by Hellas' fruitful fount,
 The ancient poets drank of yore,
 And did earth glorious scenes recount,
 To wonder nations evermore.
 Bid thou my song, by power divine
 Fall on the happy native few
 Potent of powers may it decline,
 As on the grass doth pearly dew.
 Eid it bring fruit in many a mind,
 Where now may grow but wildest weeds,
 Changing their tastes of every kind,
 Its fruits may spring in noble deeds.
 Grant that it touch within their soul
 Love to the beautiful, sublime!
 That future years to them may enroll
 Deeds that outlive the shades of time.
 And throw a lustre round their brow
 More radiant than doth wreath it now.

I climb thy mountain's rugged brow.

And think of him who press'd before
 The mount of Calvary below,
 To shed for man his purple gore.
 'Twas such a mount methinks he trod
 Beside old Zion's holy shade,
 Bearing on his heart the load
 That sunk him with the wearied dead;
 And on such mounts, where scenes sublime
 Caught the beholder's wandering eye,
 He taught those truths no poet's rhyme
 Can in their grandest forms portray.
 Methinks I see him here still,
 As by old Aïnon's sullen stream,
 Where John baptized with sturdy will
 Those that repentant came to him.
 Where are the baptists of our age,
 Why, why desert these waters fair,
 John did baptize through Jewish rage,
 "Because there was much water there."
 Hundreds that heard the preacher's voice
 Did in its melody rejoice.

On Nature's monument I stand
 And gaze upon the wending stream
 That passes through to grace the land,
 An emblem of life's fleeting dream.
 Bent like the Indian's rugged bow
 Its waters kiss the silent bay,
 Weary, it ceases here to flow,
 Its waves on Quinte's bosom play.
 It falls into the silvery bay,
 As time falls down incessantly,
 Quiet and peaceful every day
 Lost in the deep eternal sea.
 Unheard by human years Time's waves
 Play gently on th' eternal shore
 Carrying its millions to their graves
 Who will return to earth no more.
 Studded by many a beauteous isle,
 The crystal waters onward flow,
 While Nature's holy, sunny smile
 Causes the beauteous flowers to grow.
 These isles arise upon her face,
 As rise some patches of the plan
 That rise in th' oceans of his grace,
 Seen partly by the eye of man.
 But whose profoundest depths are known
 To the eternal mind alone!

'Tis true around this verdant green
 There breaks some patches of decay,
 Where Providence's footstep's been

In wrath against man's erring way.
 Nature appears to weep and mourn,
 And put her sackcloth on awhile
 Her tears appear to fall forlorn
 And drop for man depraved and vile.
 Triply she retains her fruit,
 The wrinkles gathering round her eye,
 As when thick sorrows felt acute
 Blight the deep bloom of beauty nigh.
 Cursed is the ground anew for sin,
 As round bright paradise of yore,
 Fading the bloom of all within,
 And withering all its plenteous store,
 So here fair nature's beauties fade
 Around old Saughanash's shade.

I stand upon an Ararat,
 As stood the patriarch on its brow,
 And gaze on waters thickly set
 Around the verdant greens below;
 And think of him, whose mighty hand
 Stayed the wild billows in their rage,
 When devastating all the land
 A judgement on that sinful age.
 Nine miles away the rapids groan
 Nestling within the shaggy woods,
 For Indian chieftain now they mourn
 Whose valor crossed the falling floods.
 The white man with his skill and art
 Fails here display like genuine pride
 To guide the swift canoe apart
 In safety o'er the falling tide.
 Nature and God did give him power
 'Twas all his wealth throughout life's hour.

Sir Francis Bonthead here of yore
 Came gliding down in his canoe,
 Nor heeding the wild rapids roar
 The Indian guides him o'er it true.
 Lord Egin's eagle eye did gaze
 In wonder o'er the enchanting green
 And nature's beauties did amaze
 And hide him in the glorious scene.
 And there were days when nature draped
 Herself in many a rugged form,
 Wild deers o'er many a mountain leaped
 Breasting the terror of the storm.
 Ten thousand voices broke in song
 That greeted their Creator's ear
 From nature's host, both old and young,
 To praise a God they could not fear
 The panther nightly leard afar,
 Prowling for many a wonted prey

Above him some retiring star
 Spoke omens of the coming day,
 When all its young were early fed
 And broke their long protracted fest,
 Their parents' care remove their dread
 As at the den he's victim cast.
 The crafty beaver's wisdom too
 Is traced in checking back the tide,
 Daring the stream with instinct true
 With'ring the salmon's scales of pride
 Some outlines of these scenes of yore
 Remain around Saughanash shore.

To crown the glory of the scene
 The native Indian hunt his prey,
 Painted in colors red and green,
 His touring feather waves so gay.
 This is his little all, yet he
 Is happy in the forest chase,
 While nature's children roaming free
 Seek to out-wit him in the race.
 With jealous eye he watched his own
 What God had given him from his hand,
 He deemed no power could him dethrone
 Or drive him from his native land.
 Few were his claims, but they were dear
 Unto his heart as light and life,
 And to maintain them each while here
 He'd pour his blood in deadly strife.
 Yea, there were passions of great power
 That swelled the native Indian's breast;
 One genius o'er the rest doth tower
 By nature and its author blest.
 God did endow him with this light,
 He gave them laws to guide them all,
 While reason pours its lustre bright
 Upon these children of the fall.
 God guided all their mental power
 Through all the gloom of life's dark hour.

And if some chief in pride of heart
 Assumed to steal his brother's right,
 Each summoned up the poisoned dart,
 And woke to valiant deathly fight.
 Sweet river, pure of Saughanash,
 How oft thy face was changed of yore,
 How often, with deep crimson blush,
 From blood of hearts that beat no more.
 We wander to the Indian isle,
 And search for relics of the past
 Fragments of victims slain by guile
 Are freely on the surface cast.

Ah! fated bones, whose muscles were
 Once clothed with flesh and human life,
 But whose misfortune was to share
 The vengeance of a foeman's strife.
 O! could these shapeless sinews tell
 How happy once in days of yore,
 They swiftly traversed o'er the dell
 In chase around this placid shore.
 O! could some native Indian chief
 Stand here, and pour his sorrows o'er
 These sacred bones to find relief,
 That lie around this island's shore
 It would give pathos to my song,
 That genius fails now to inspire,
 'Twould fall upon th' enchanted throng
 In music from the poet's lyre.
 He'd mourn as David mourn'd of yore
 For Absalom, his fated son,
 And pore his sacred sorrows o'er
 Their valiant slain whose race is run.
 The grief would still be all in vain,
 'Twould never raise these bones again.

The day before the dreadful fright,
 Their chief arose to inspire the fight,
 He spoke with fire, and thus he said:
 Mohawks, think of the valiant dead!
 Your fathers, brave, would never yield;
 In fight upon the battle field,
 Their mighty hearts ne'er knew no fear,
 Nor shed for foes a tender tear.
 Our wrongs now cry for vengeance wild,
 Upon the foeman's heart defiled.

O, know ye not what woes profound
 Do on our blighted hearts resound:
 A dreadful hour of horrid fate,
 To change its woes, it is too late,
 Eventful day may darkness set
 Upon its hours as black as jet.
 Why did misfortune blight my hope,
 And drink my earthly pleasures up?
 Why was my son's brave heart beguiled,
 When their chief's daughter's countenance smiled?
 Why was his offered hand received,
 And his pure heart so sore deceived?
 Bewitching intrigues of her mind,
 Did in that hour his spirit blind.
 Our pride, an offering, all was laid,
 And now his life to that is paid,
 They took my son to wed their bride,
 To raise their honor and their pride;
 It threw on them a ray of light,
 But hid us in dishonors' night.

Reluctantly he was resigned
 Against the dictates of my mind;
 My happiness all fled away,
 When he, their pines did wave so gay;
 And darker clouds hang o'er our head,
 Since his proud brow lays 'mong their dead,
 A martyr to their fiendish rage,
 By crimes surpassing every age.
 He fell as falls the peaceful lamb,
 Took to the altar pure and calm;
 His limbs, semetrical, were torn,
 As butchers tears sheep that are shorn.
 The honest hand whose wondrous skill
 Could guide the arrow at his will,
 And bid its feathered power, swift go
 To let the deer's blood swiftly flow,
 Now answered to the fiery flame,
 Deep'ning their guilt and fiendish shame;
 They slew him by an hand of guile,
 And o'er his carcass laughed awhile,
 Then sent for me, his parent dear,
 To share a sacrifice so dear.
 My sons own heart they offered me,
 Bid me eat it with heart of glee;
 O, cruelty of depths unknown,
 What sorrows round this heart is sown.
 Now, by the gods that rule the sky,
 By whom the white man swears on high,
 And by my son's dear mother's blood,
 Whose soul is gone to rest with God,
 And by the tears of woe we shed,
 For him whose brow endured their dread,
 And by the woes they on him shed,
 I ask you noble warriors all,
 To swear your vengeance on the whole.
 Arise in valor to defy,
 Those foes to cause your feet to fly,
 And never give your weapon o'er
 Till they are swept from this fair shore;
 For when I gained a knowledge clear,
 That he was slain as some wild deer,
 And made a victim of their wrath,
 Who did their chieftain's child betroth,
 I borrowed every form of curse,
 That my revengeful heart could nurse.
 I cursed them by my life and blood,
 That o'er my heart-strings swiftly flowed,
 And by the white man's holy God;
 In pride of heart I did repay
 The action of that cruel day.
 Their son was on the altar laid,
 And numbered with the countless dead;
 I tore his heart with my own hand,

And shed his life blood o'er the land:
 Then called my own true Council Band,
 Then sent a message to invite
 Those cold barbarians to their right.
 They came in pride of heart untold,
 They came confidently and bold,
 Unknowing what they should behold.
 Their own son's limbs were torn apart,
 Reserved so sacred was the heart,
 And to the son's own father given,
 That once alike my heart had riven.
 He eat and laughed with all his might,
 And danced around, till shades of night
 Hid all their persons out of sight.
 The joy, the glee, the merry dance,
 Did but their miseries enhance,
 When on the morrow, break of day,
 As they would start to go their way,
 I dared to front their flinty chief,
 For vengeance gave my heart relief.
 Your son, your only son, is slain!
 His face you'll never see again,
 His heart's blood circles in your own,
 Gone where its origin had flown;
 Your bol est vengeance unto me
 I've paid by kindred cruelty.
 I boldly said his son's heart lay
 Near his black own, since yesterday;
 The 'won'dring chief had scarcely caught
 The idea, till his dark eyes shot
 The vengeance with which they were fraught;
 He 'mid his agony and hate,
 Began his grievance to relate,
 Then swore by the Great Spirit's power,
 That he would slay us all some hour,
 That we should all be mown and slain,
 Like grass upon the fertile plain,
 Or glide before them, as the dew
 Returns when days their heat renew.
 And now, my Mohawk brethren, ye
 Who do in pride encompass me,
 Summons your ancient valor now,
 To guide the shaft and bend the bow,
 To lay them and their purpose low.

This said, the listening audience cheered
 The burning eloquence they heard,
 And swore by every object dear
 That they should never flinch or fear,
 Until their foes should all retire
 Before their valient hearts of fire.
 They bent the bow, and strung it well,
 A fearful pile of dry wood fell,

They killed the dogs, and feasted high, they danced the ring and sent
a spy

To watch the cruel foeman nigh, their foes were in the distant wood.
Thirsting in vengeance for their blood their councils held, plans were laid
To lay the Mohawk with the dead, knowing they nestled on the isle,
They sent a spy expert in guile, and when the sun's last ray had shone,
The Mohawks laid their proud heads down, and left a squaw of subtle eye
To watch the motion of the spy, and give a loud alarm, should they
Attempt to hunt them as their prey; three of the Mississaugay's crew
Came paddling in their birch canoe, and seeing all in slumber deep,
As they did o'er their pillows peep, they tore their foe's canoe wide,
Disabling each to breast the tide; return in pride of heart to tell
What they had each accomplished well; this swelled their breasts
with joy of heart.

In pride they o'er the billows start, their chief upon his council call
Few words were said, and then they all pressed proudly to the distant
goal.

Meanwhile the squaw did them alarm, that they had seen some cruel form
Who had returned in pride array, a distance o'er the troubled bay,
The chief awake and cast his eye around to every ambush nigh,
Returned, and cried, no harm brave men, pillow your head in sleep again,
That ye may on the morrow rise, in spite of all the foeman's spies;
He bowed his head and closed his eye, unconscious of the fate that nigh.
The billows roar'd, the night was dark, no ray but from the fire's spark,
The moon was clothed in sackcloth deep, as though she had retired to
weep, at what was pending o'er the deep.

Paddling o'er the distant bay, the foeman waved his plume so gay.
Swiftly they paddled o'er the wave, that mid the night winds onward lave,
The Mississaugays come in pride of heart across the swelling tide.
All were asleep, their children dear dwelt on their parents' breasts of fear,
When subtly then the mighty throng come gently, steal their way along,
The squaw too late her voice awoke, they smote her that she never spoke.
She fell beneath the deathly stroke; they rushed in violence along,
To slay the sleepers, old and young; those that revived did quick repair
To their canoes for shelter there, but found the boat would sink they
leap

Into the bosom of the deep, and wrestling hard against the tide
They yield beneath its wave of pride, and sink beneath the cruel wave,
Glad there to find the watery grave, to hide their horror stricken brow;
Beneath the frenzied waters low, he only fled to tell the tale,
And his dear brethren's fate bewail; they sought him eager, day by day,
Swiftly they track his feet away; river he swam, and lakes were crossed,
The fugitive evade their host, they now return to share the spoil,
And glory in the demon toil, and when the suffering all were o'er,
What sight was seen around the shore; the kindling flames illumed the
wood,

Revealing streams of human blood, and did by chance reveal the face,
of female beauty and of grace.

That did their chief's son's heart allure, and did his passions warm secure
The chief drew nigh this object fair, and thus his feeling did declare,
O! source of mischief deep whose wile did once pry own dear son beguile
What vengeance did that deed inspire from out our own strong hearts of

But now we wreak our vengeance wild upon our foes most base and
child.

This said, the Mississaugas came and threw her body to the flame,
Whose subtle power did soon prepare this victim for a feast of war.
The chieftain's bony men were brought, who many a valiant battle fought,
But whose untimely end had come no more in the swift chase to roam,
But fill a victim to this foe, and suffer horror none can know.
Their bones were on the altar laid, their flesh a sacrifice was paid
And eaten in the cruel raid they eat and hurry weary bones
Beneath a horrid pile of stones for fear their spirits should arise
To affright them from the frowning skies they give one shout of joy and
tell

Their comrade each to bid farewell and never more to come again
To where such woes were known to reign.

Since this sad hour some years had fled the fugitive came to view the
dead,

And pour his sacred sorrows o'er the place his fathers were no more.
He bent to kiss the bones around that lay upon the bloody ground
And pou'd the sorrows of his breast o'er the spot where his brethren
rest.

Return and came and returned by fires that on his memory burned
And bid the great spirit high in heaven see his sad heart with sorrows
riven.

Ask'd him to heal the wound there made by memories of the sacred dead
But bid him curse the cruel foe with alike sorrows here below.

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